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The Passing Show.

The ultimate aim of Socialism is to rid the world of robbery and poverty.

The workers are the prey of soft-tongued, smooth-handed robbers.

The emancipation of the working-class must be accomplished by the workers themselves.

Education is the torch which will light the path that leads to victory.

Most crime, so-called, is the direct result of the capitalist system.

Capitalism means war against the industries. Its spoils are profits; its fruits are rapine and death.

A Maxim gun fires 600 shots a minute; a Gatling 1200. The worker is a mug who stands in front of or walks up to either when they are in action.

According to the local capitalist press the "foreigner" is a cowardly cur who always tramples the women and children underfoot when he rushes the boats at a shipwreck. The brave Britisher always sings "Nearer My God to Thee" while the "foreigner" is rushing the boats.

Mankind is weary of its sham prophets—its statesmen with their slave logic.

Modern "leaders of thought" are sadly lacking in originality and courage. Their wisdom is folly, their remedies poison. They idiotically claim that they guide the destinies of nations, whereas, in reality, they are but the flotsam and floating scum that comes to the surface of an ocean of decadence.

The living forces of evil have their roots in the dead ideals of yesterday. The Commandments, laws, and moral codes that we are called upon to obey are the insidious machinery of decadence.

A man may keep all the ten Commandments and yet remain a fool all the days of his life. He may obey every law of the land, and yet be a catfif and a slave.

Free men should never regulate their conduct by the suggestions or dicta of others, for when they do so, they are no longer free.

A writer in the "Fortnightly" refers to the unrest in India as a "psychological disease." It is more likely a stomach trouble—a craving for food.

Melbourne "Argus," attacking Billy Hughes's Federation of Unions, says "the game is to steal the profits of industry." The profits of industry are already stolen. The game is probably to steal the militancy of the industrious.

"Plain speaking," "Labor Minister and Miners," "Mr. Estell hits back," "Law must not be broken." These are the headings of some remarks by Estell, Minister for Labor in N.S.W. Cabinet. Estell is a product of the Political Labor League, and is believed by William Mug to be one of his most trusty friends.

According to recent cables there is a serious shortage in the supply of boneheads in Britain. For the last 19 months the numbers of recruits for the army have dwindled at an average of 411 a month, and during the present year the decrease has averaged 438 a month. No wonder Siramilton says he will advocate the Australian system of Conscriptio when he returns to Britain. It is the last hope of the Industrial pirates.

When the cable-craimer touches on religion he becomes more unreliable than usual. At first he said the Salvationists who perished in the Empress of Ireland disaster sang "God Be With You Till We Meet Again" when leaving on the voyage. Then realising that this was not up to his Titanic record, he said that they stood together on the sinking Empress and sung

story was nearest the truth, for we are told that the vessel, after being struck, so heeled over that those on deck couldn't stand to sing anything, and salvationists, like others, would be too busy during those last few minutes in trying to dodge the trip to heaven.

The "Daily Telegraph" (Sydney), discussing the double dissolution, makes it fairly plain that the Liberals have been preparing the rolls for the struggle. The elections, it says, will take place on the new rolls now being printed, and reports from the various States suggests "that the work of organisation is fairly well advanced." With faked rolls and absolute control of the elections, the Liberals hope to win.

"A Parliament may degenerate so far as to lose the respect of the public, it may fall so low as to be palpably unable to do any work at all, but the farce will be kept going, like anything else in which there is money"—Sydney "Evening News." Like the newspaper supplying faked news.

Nationalism is becoming rabid and is claiming the ownership of the air. When a foreign aeroplane crosses the frontier of Russia, the military shoots at it, and imprisons the aviator if it can catch him.

The Interstate Commission, sitting in Sydney, obtained some startling evidence of the fraud of capitalist production a few days ago. A piano-maker stated that he put any name on his pianos that retailers wished, and that makers in Europe did the same. The witness was quite candid, and simply stated what he appeared to think was a well-known fact; but the Chairman professed to be shocked, and the daily press moaned in pious horror at such wholesale imposture. But dogs-wool and oakum clothing, brown paper boots, and adulterated foodstuffs, should have prepared the Commission and the journalists for the worst. The whole of capitalist production is a fake and a fraud.

The War Trust is beginning to see things, and its shareholders recognise the inevitable. Admiral Sir Percy Scott says that submarines have doomed Dreadnoughts just as motor cars have driven horses from the streets. "The Admiralty," he says, should spend its money on submarines and sea-planes and a few fast cruisers—"to be manufactured by the firm in which Sir Percy has an interest, of course. "Possibly," the Admiral says, "the new conditions will bring sea-fighting to an end." This will be another clear case of the triumph of economic forces over the "best laid schemes of mice and men."

Liebknecht has published statements indicating bribery of Japanese authorities by a German armament firm. The Japanese have found some of the recipients of such

their political grafters also have their price.

The recent French elections resulted in sweeping Socialist victories, the party gaining 60 seats. The plutes have been so staggered by the blow that the press has maintained the strictest silence about the results. What a difference there would have been had the Socialists been defeated!

Socialists aim to stop the exploitation of the worker and make him the owner of his job. They aim to secure to the worker the full value of his toil, and to compel the slurker either to do his share or starve. When conditions are made just, then the rule that those who will not work shall not eat can be enforced.

Under Socialism a man's success will depend on his own efforts, and he will be able to do for himself what he now asks others to do for him. In the coming contest he should be told plainly that no Socialist candidate is going to do anything for him, but that he should find out what he wants and then combine to get it.

The cableman informs us that Zeppelin aeronautes are practising to drop bombs down the funnels of warships with the demoniacal hope that if need arises they will be able to send the crews to Davy Jones's locker without the painful necessity of a fight. It is a beautiful civilisation, surely, that is maintained by such means!

In the coming Federal elections Socialist candidates, if they run, will be sure to be asked the old question: "What are you going to do for us?" The workers of Australia are so fond of relying on politicians to do something for them, to lean against the nearest verandah post, so to speak, that it never occurs to them that they had better do something for themselves. In the class war, both on the political and industrial fields, they have to get rid of the idea that any body is going to do something for them. None of the old parties know what to do, and they wouldn't do it if they did. What the workers must do in politics, as in industrial matters, is to get a knowledge of Socialist principles and recognise that Socialism is not going to do this, that, or the other, but is simply going to make conditions favorable for the workers to do things for themselves.

Laborites are mad with Sir Fergy for granting a double dissolution of the Federal Parliament, but what did they expect? Did they think that the new Governor-General was specially imported to work against Joe Cook in the interests of Fisher and Hughes? If they did they have yet a lot to learn about political thimble-rigging.

It has transpired that the arms and am-



A Place to Doze in.

was detained by American warships at Vera Cruz were made in the United States and shipped by the manufacturers to Hamburg, to be transhipped thence to Mexico. They were intended for the Huertan forces which are at war with the United States. Blessed are the profit-makers.

The lives of most millionaires are heavily insured. When they die their loss is fully covered.

The latest ocean giant, the "Britannic," carries passengers and crew to the number of 3,450. Vessels of this kind play a prominent part in making the nations cosmopolitan. With all the jingo twaddle about "my country," workers of the world are being dragged from one country to another and are losing their patriotic superstitions accordingly.

Broken Hill P.L.L. has decided to urge its joss (the Labor Government) to bring in legislation to check alien immigration. Presumably this is to stop the colored person and the "foreigner" from enjoying the "benefits" of our wage-system, the scenery of Broken Hill, and the speeches of Mr. Cann, Josiah Thomas, and Jabez the Beautiful.

At the instance of the Kaiser, the German Imperial Chancellor has secured promises from a number of leading members of the Reichstag to grant a subsidy of £500,000 to the Australian service of the Norddeutscher Lloyd. The company proposes to extend the service to New Zealand, and is arranging with the New Zealand Steamship Company for a joint fortnightly service. God Bless our Home and the kid conscript army that is going to defend it. Here are huge organisations of foreign capital like the Lloyd (which has monopolised the best waterfront on Sydney Harbor) exploiting Australia for all they are worth, and the poor mug is willing to defend his country.

A Liberal member of the British House of Commons has obtained leave to introduce a bill to abolish hereditary titles. He declared that "hereditary titles were a relic of the past, and were the main cause of the snobbishness, sycophancy, and flunkeyism of British life." This is only a portion of the truth. The real cause of British snobbishness, sycophancy, and flunkeyism is the worship of wealth. The wealthy ones know this, and buy titles to gain the worship of the mugs. Most of the wealthy become so by exploiting others by means of the wage-system, which is, hence, the primary cause of the snobbishness and flunkeyism.

Labor members do things in the grand manner in the West as in the East. The Minister for Works in Westralia's Scadden Ministry, Mr. Johnson, recently visited Kalgoorlie to open a new reservoir, and spent over £700 on an electioneering feast. After the gorge the Minister's comfort was disturbed by a deputation which asked for funds to instal a children's ward in the local hospital. The merry-maker was equal to the occasion, and blandly informed the visitors that there was no money for such a purpose, but he would see what could be done in "the near future." What the "near future" means is uncertain, but it is probable that nothing can be done as long as there is a feast or a carouse in sight.

The American Trade Commissioners now touring Australia, declare that Queensland is naturally intended to be a cotton country with unskilled colored labor. "You see," said Dr. Snowdon, one of the number, "your unskilled labor is the dearest in the world." The Commissioners think in terms of cheapness and dearthness under the wage system—the buying of the commodity, labor power. If the capitalists of Australia could only get cheaper labor than the capitalists of, say, Japan and China, they could undersell them and capture their markets with much profit to themselves. This seems to be the ideal of the Commissioners and their brethren here. But is there any reason why they should capture

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Contributors writing for publication should write in ink, on one side of the paper only, and with a fair space at the sides and between the words and lines. Leave plenty of room for editing.

Write on paper not larger than letter-paper, and thin enough to avoid getting us tired for over-weight.

Mark the package "Press Matter Only," and address it "To the Editor."

Write briefly and clearly, as long and undecipherable articles stand no chance of publication.

Do not send business communications to the Editor, or literary matter to the Manager. To do so only causes confusion and delay.

If your article is not published, do not conclude that it is because it is of no merit, for it may be simply owing to the fact that it is not in accordance with the above rules. Where possible, articles of importance should be type-written.

The Church was the enemy of popular freedom, the enemy of popular education; the friend of superstition and tyranny and the robber.
—Robert Blatchford.

An Open Letter.

To the Boy Conscripts.

Comrades! Brothers!

You are in the army. You are in the army of Destruction. You are a soldier equipped and drilled to destroy life.

You are also in another army, the industrial army of construction.

You work in mill, mine, forge, factory, or dock, etc., producing and transporting all the goods, clothing food, etc., which are necessary to enable people to live.

You are workingmen's sons. You work in the factories and workshops with your fathers and brothers.

When your fathers and brothers go on strike to better their lot, which is also your lot, you, the soldiers, will be called upon by your officers to Murder them. As soldiers in the Army of Destruction, you will be Ordered to Murder the Workers in the Army of Construction. You will be Ordered to Murder Each Other.

Don't do it.

You know how it happens. You know how it has always happened.

The Workers stand out as long as they can. Then one of their (and your) number, goaded by the sight of his loved one's misery and hunger, commits an offence against property. Immediately you are armed and ordered to Murder them.

This has happened in Europe, America, South Africa, New Zealand, and every other country where the working class, your class, has tried to better its condition.

You must know that when you are in your ordinary working clothing, you are still a Conscript Soldier. You are liable to be called upon to not only Murder Your Fathers and Brothers, Your Mothers and Sisters, but Each other, your own work mates. Sydney workers are liable to be ordered to Murder Melbourne workers, and Melbourne workers are liable to be ordered to Murder Sydney Workers.

Boys, don't do it.

The old book, which your masters have taught you to revere, says, "Thou Shalt Not Kill." Never forget that. It does not say "unless you have a Uniform on."

No! Murder is Murder, whether committed in the heat of anger on one who has wronged you, or in a Soldier's uniform upon one who has never injured you.

Boys, Don't do it.

Act the Man! Act the Brother! Act the Human Being!

Property can be replaced. Human Life can never be replaced.

The idle and Rich Class, own all the land and means of life in this country. They call this country "Your Country," but it is not your country, it is their country.

When the workers kick against the

laws which the Rich have made in their own interests, they order soldiers to Murder them.

Boys, don't do it.

When you kick against the Conscription Act, you are tried and punished by their creatures on the Benches in the Courts of Law.

Your fight is our fight, and our fight is your fight. We all belong to the one class, to the industrial army of construction.

Instead of fighting against each other, we should be fighting with each other.

Out of our Ranks and Homes You came. Don't disgrace your parents and your class by being the willing tools of the Idle Rich Class.

YOU, like US, are of the Slave Class. When We rise, You rise. When We Fall, You Fall also, even when we fall by Your bullets.

Australia, with its fertile lands, its rich harvests, its vast mineral resources, is the heritage of ages to all men. Australia should not be the property of a few.

Don't help to make it the property of a few. Don't Murder to defend their usurpation.

WE, the Slave Class, work long hours at hard work and for a mere pittance, because of our poverty. And our poverty and yours, arises from the fact that Australia, with its vast resources, belongs to only a few people. These few, owning Australia, own our jobs, and owning our jobs, they own our very lives.

Comrades, Do we call to You in Vain? Think this matter out and refuse to be the Murderers of your kindred and Class. Help us to win back Australia for the Workers who must use it. Help the Workers of all countries to win the World for the World's Workers.

THE EDITOR.

A REVIVAL.

Bradford (England) has been witnessing an orgy of revivalism, which serves to show that there is only a very thin partition dividing the mental state of the aboriginal, who holds a corroboree, and the civilised European who holds a revival. According to a "Yorkshire Observer" report of a revival:

"Everyone knelt down on the floor, and then began one of the most remarkable scenes it is possible to imagine. The preacher commenced a prayer, in which he called upon the Almighty and invoked the presence and blessing of Christ in terms which under ordinary circumstances would be described as irreverent and insulting to the point of blasphemy. The Deity was extolled in words of such familiarity and ardent personal fervor, with interjections of such fiery sentiment, that the congregation set up an accompanying chorus of moans and ejaculations. The prayer became more fervid and less and less coherent; the people groaned and mumbled inarticulate phrases, swaying to and fro and trembling with the intensity of their ecstasy. Some cried out aloud, clutching the benches and burying their heads in their arms; others snappily rocked themselves backwards and forwards, wailing as if in agony."

The account goes on to say that a young woman then began to preach, becoming more and more inarticulate, and finally collapsing, and writhing on the ground in emotional rapture. An old woman followed, and the men and women were jabbering together all sorts of sounds which were doubtless intended to prove that the "gift of tongues" had come upon them. The incident is not an unusual one in countries where intellect has not yet dethroned superstition, and where there are still found people who do not hesitate to trade upon the pitiful mental state of such poor undeveloped creatures.

RACIAL HATRED.

The City Council of Vancouver proposes keeping the Japanese children in that city in separate schools to those which the white children attend. The Japanese Consul has protested, and has pointed out that very undesirable relations between his country and Canada may arise if this proposal is carried into effect. The White Australian is evidently not alone in his racial hatred and belief that the gradual fusion of the earth's peoples must ultimately take place. Capitalism is unifying the world's economic systems, and when this is accomplished and the different peoples get their living in the same way, in factories, mills, and workshops, there will be a wonderful similarity in opinions and beliefs. International barriers will be broken down, religions will be modified, and racial hatred entirely given up. At present Christian countries are the most inconsistent in teaching and practice of all. Christian leaders are full of cant about the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, and the love and kindness which Christianity brings into the world, but there is a wide difference between the preaching and the practice.

The Class Struggle.

THE CLASS STRUGGLE.

In a letter to London "Justice" George Bernard Shaw combats the contention that there is a war between the employing and the employed classes. His view is interesting, and will no doubt provoke a good deal of discussion in certain circles, and we may be sure that it will be readily adopted by those who have hitherto failed to find support for their contention that the interests of labour and capital are identical. Our own view is that G. B. S. flounders badly, and simply points to certain effects of the class struggle as proof that the struggle doesn't exist. Here is his letter:

SOCIALIST UNITY AND THE CLASS WAR.

Sir,—The letter from Herbert Burrows in your issue of April 9 conveys nothing to me except that the writer does not believe in equality of income; does not even believe in redistribution of income as part of Socialism; and insists on a profession of faith in the class war without denying that the war in which we are engaged is not a class war.

On the last point there is no dispute as to the facts, which are as clear as the sun in the heavens on a cloudless day. Those who are living on the plunder of others are of all classes. The boy in the racing stable lives on the plunder of the boy in the coal mine, the gamekeeper on the plunder of his brother the ploughman, the yacht builder on the plunder of the barge builder, the jeweller on the plunder of the baker, the family solicitor on the plunder of the poor man's lawyer (often a clergyman), and so on up to the idle rich waster who steals the public work of the king. Now, a class war means a war between one class and another. A war between a gamekeeper and a poacher, a policeman and a striker, a railway clerk and an estate office clerk, a Clacton Belle skipper and a Lipton Shamrock skipper, a white-lead manufacturer and a medical officer of health, a Parliamentary barrister and an old Bailey barrister, an idle spendthrift marquis and a Socialist peer, may be a very fierce war, but it is not a class war. The line that separates the combatants is not the line that separates class from class; it runs right through the classes. Neither Herbert Burrows nor any sane observer disputes this. But for some inscrutable reason Herbert Burrows insists on applying the old shibboleth inaccurately to the facts. I insist on saying exactly what the facts mean and discarding the shibboleths, of which all the live people in our movement are heartily sick. It seems to me that our agreement as to the facts is a sufficient basis for unity, and that Herbert Burrows' bad habits (for the shibboleths are nothing more) do not matter.

As to the redistribution of income, I say flatly that nobody who hesitates for a moment as to that, is within a hundred miles of being a Socialist. I am sorry to say that some Socialists disclaim equal distribution, and use phrases which show clearly that they are still deluded by the wage system, and think that equal distribution of the national income means equal payment for work. It means nothing of the kind. I do not consider any man a real Socialist until he has uprooted from his mind and soul the pernicious and absurd notion that work or men can be valued and paid for and bought and sold. In Socialism you begin by giving every person whom you consider worthy to live his or her share of the national product, and your problem is to maintain the product under that primary condition. There is no payment in the matter. The baby gets its quota. The nonagenarian gets it. And it comes from the labour of every able-bodied and able-minded person contributing as a point of honour the most and best he or she is capable of to the common store. If any person is insensible to that obligation you can tolerate him as an imbecile or kill him as a criminal, as you think best. But whilst he lives he must never become that pestilential thing, a poor man. That is Socialism.

Let those who are in favour of unequal distribution kindly explain why and how much they are to have more than I, or why and how much I am to have more than they, whichever way they propose to settle it. Also how the hideous social abuses which have sprung from inequality of income, and from inequality of income alone, are to be avoided under that system.

May I say, in conclusion, that I am rather tired of being told that I, as a Fabian, am of course less a Socialist than my friend Herbert Burrows and the class-war phrase-mongers. Will they give us particulars of the points on which I fall short of their perfection?—Yours truly, G. BERNARD SHAW.

The editor of "Justice" in the next issue has the following, which, in a few sentences, pricks the Shavian bubble

effectively, and leaves little necessary to be said further:—

"THE CLASS STRUGGLE."

The letter from G. Bernard Shaw which appeared in last week's "Justice" will be replied to later in a more definite fashion. For the moment we content ourselves with pointing out that the class struggle is not removed because certain wage-earners may act in the interests of the master class against other wage-earners. Shaw's contention seems to be that what is going on is in reality a struggle between the parasites of all classes and the useful members of all classes. If Shaw does not mean this, then we have failed altogether to appreciate his meaning. And, then, the illustrations that he uses! When has individual combat represented "war," apart from a few isolated instances of personal encounter deciding a battle centuries ago? A scrap up between a Bulgarian artilleryman and a soldier of the line, a fight between a Turkish cavalryman and an Anatolian Redif, in no way affected the war between the two countries. The facts which cannot be disputed are that it is to the interest of the employers to pay as low wages as possible commensurate with the commodities produced, and it is to the interest of the workers to get as much for the sale of their labour-power as they possibly can. This constitutes the class struggle. Why it should be a "shibboleth" to recognise that fact is far beyond our non-Shavian intelligences.

A WOMAN'S LETTER.

Although women have the franchise in Australia, and they are supposed to know something of politics, they are still supposed to know more about piecrusts. Most women can make piecrust. They can also make promises; but for a dandy promise-maker, Silly Billy Willy Holman takes the pie, and the bun, and the cake, and any other old thing. Billy was on the carpet lately, and although he is not a Catholic, he said, figuratively, his "Mea Culpa," and made some promises, seventeen in all. Willie Holman is very fond of Shakespeare, and Nick Bottom is his favourite character. One can picture Willy Willie wagging his asses' ears at the conference, "I'll bray me like an ass" or "roar me like a lion." What will you have, sweet friends, promises or piecrust? Reading down the list of seventeen promises made by William, I wondered was the man going mad.

Surely his poor, little, narrow, curly pate is being turned like a spinning jenny. The grandeur of the entertainments given by his wife, to her Liberal friends, and the elegance of his Darling Point mansion is having its effect upon William. 'Tis the beggar on horseback again:

"When I had money I rode in state,"

When I have none I walk by."

Anything more absolutely silly than the string of promises made by Holman could hardly be imagined. Of course, he was only marking time till he could get outside again, and he had to save his face somehow. But this man is the Premier of this State, and I have heard people call him a statesman. I have also heard Griffith described as a statesman, and I have to smile, because I must not swear, but I'd like to. These men are our comic opera politicians. We have boy soldiers, why not have boy politicians? I have heard boys of twelve years old talk more sense and reason than some of the crazy loons who represent us in Parliament. Holman is a Labor Premier in name only. The majority of the so-called Labor members fell out with Labor long ago. They are having a royal time, and they could do so and still be honest to the people if they liked, but they don't like, because honesty is not in them. But a day of reckoning will come for them, and great as their rise has been mightily will be the fall. The people will wake up presently and hurl these wasters from their high places.

Danny Man Hughes is organising the unions. What is he up to? Different Labor leagues have sent resolutions to conference again and again against having members of Parliament in the council, but they get there all the same. Is it any wonder that the same old crowd get themselves elected every time? And now the unions are going to federate under Billy Hughes. The men who select the Hughes man as their guide, philosopher and friend deserve all that may happen to them. They must have a lot of their ancestors, the ape, in their composition, and they must be very hard up for a leader. They evidently like being fooled, and Billy will fool them to the top of their bent. Like the other Billy, he will promise them anything. And the promises will be just as easily broken as piecrust. The brazen effrontery of these paid politicians, who treat the people upon whose backs they ride like puppets to be used for their amusement or profit and then thrown aside like an old sheet! How long are we to

The Steam "Navy."

How it Displaces the Worker.

Nature is being transformed at Potts' Hill, near Sydney. The big undertaking in the direction of extending the existing storage capacity to provide for an additional 150,000,000 gallons of water has necessitated the substitution of a valley where a hill now stands.

The existing reservoir holds 100,000,000 gallons, which, with Sydney's daily consumption of a generation ago, of 14,000,000 gallons, was a week's supply. The amplification works, now well under way, will provide an additional capacity which will bring the total up to the respectable figure of 250,000,000 gallons. This will be a week's supply for Sydney, which at present consumes 40,000,000 gallons were day.

The cost of constructing this domestic "jug" is estimated at £320,000. Of a rectangular construction, the new reservoir will have a floorage of 50 acres. The depth of the reservoir will be 16ft. 6in. There is little likelihood of the work being completed inside two years.

USED AT PANAMA.

The appliances used in the excavation of the two million cubic yards of earth are of the latest pattern, the American steam shovel being by far the most interesting. The cost of the plant, which consists of engine, steam shovel, two booms, twenty dump cars, and two spreaders, is £7000. This was the type of machine which so effectively challenged Nature at Panama, and succeeded in cutting through a continent. No fewer than 77 were in use in one cutting.

The first steam shovel, or as they are better known, steam "navvies," of this class, was imported by the Public Works Department for construction work on the North Coast railway. When the Water Board decided on the Potts' Hill amplification, negotiations were opened with the department for the purchase of the "navvy." The Board was successful, and the machine, in company with the engineer-in-charge (Mr. J. G. Tripp), was removed to Potts' Hill. Mr. A. F. Jacobs (resident engineer) is quite enthusiastic at the capacity for work evidenced by the steam shovel. On only one occasion has it gone on strike, and then a "settlement" was arrived at in two days.

"It only requires 24 men," he said to an "Evening News" reporter who visited the works, "to control the plant, from placing down the short sections of railway to the final touch at the embankment when the earth has been tipped and spreaded. To do a corresponding amount of work by the old method would require 180 men, 90 horses and drays, and several horse-drawn ploughs. The duties of the 24 are light, their work being mainly to provide the finishing touches, and to obey the behest of the giant steel intellect, which is sorely handicapped by its inability to walk—the only thing it cannot do. Considerable dissatisfaction was expressed by the 300 men on the job when their steel brother was introduced. As it dispersed with the services of 150 men, several minor strikes occurred. The machine now is the delight and pride of those who are associated with it at the works."

What the 150, who were replaced by the steel gentleman, think of it can only be imagined. They are probably now humping bluey, and reflecting that Socialists have frequently dilated on labor-saving machinery and shown what its development means to the workers.

THE ONLY ONE IN AUSTRALIA.

The American shovel is the only one of its kind in the Commonwealth. The complete plant, engine, jib, and shovel, weigh about 70 tons, and it is altogether unlike anything seen by the citizen in his regular travels. The jib has a swing of 62ft. From a purely spectacular point of the machine is not attractive. The complicated mechanism that drives the powerful ripping jaw is hidden by an iron covering. Chains of an enormous girth run smoothly on a powerful jib, which sends the 3½ tons scoop tearing through the earth.

The scoop or shovel is in itself a formidable-looking affair. In construction similar to a bucket, one side is edged with a row of vicious teeth, which force through the earthen face like a knife through putty. The bottom is constructed with a trap-door, which opens and shuts at the wish of the engineer in charge of the nerve centre. The scoop answers to practically every function that a laborer is expected to perform in excavation work. Two engineers are needed to work it. The expert directs the action of the jib, while half-way up the jib—15 feet from the ground—another individual controls the action of

the scoop. A common understanding is needed between the two men, their work being interdependent.

Owing to the weight of the machine it was found necessary to put down rails to carry it. This difficulty was overcome by 8ft. sections, which are put down and removed according to the progress made. Each day the steam navy eats an average of 1800 cubic yards of solid facing. When the end of the cutting is reached the machine is diverted on to the main line, and taken back to the beginning again. Excavating is not the only feature of the system. In company with the "navvy," a light railway is put down. This carries a loco, and ten "dump cars," which are lightly but firmly built.

The engine, with ears behind, draws parallel with the "navvy" and a few feet ahead. The lever is released. Immediately the scoop tears its way into the solid earthen wall. In the twinkling of an eye it has filled its gaping mouth with earth and shale. Acting under the direction of the engineer, it swings across and hovers over the frail-looking "dump car." The trap-door opens, and the earth is deposited safely in the car. In 40 seconds the "navvy" has made three trips. The engine quickly draws up, and the next car is in position by the time the scoop swings back.

The complete train is thus loaded in ten minutes. It then fussily shunts away to the embankment to tip the load. The moment it has left the scoop begins, in the phraseology of the engineer, "to trim its whiskers." Down the scoop drops, and the bottom gently brushes the earth away from the railway line, so that the incoming loco will not be interfered with. In the space of a few seconds it has brushed up the floor and collected together the few odd heaps of earth scattered about. It then raps into the earthen bank, in preparation for the fresh trucks that are now ready to be loaded. There is, neither bustle nor confusion. The "navvy" does its work silently and effectively. It deposits the earth into the dump car as gently as a sleeping babe is placed into its cot by the young matron.

THE SPREADER AND DUMP CAR.

The dump car is a work of simplicity. Here, again, every point has been taken into consideration which provides for labor-saving. As only two sets of trucks are provided to each "navvy," no time can be lost. The dump car appears a frail affair. It has a solid bogey, on which several spider-like arms are erected, holding oblong trucks, similar to the regulation railway goods trucks, only much smaller. When the earth is to be tipped, two men run along the line and release a small hinge, which is the only link holding the bottom of the trucks to the sides. The latter part remains stationary, while the floor sinks and tips to one side. The contents are shot clear of the line, and the truck automatically falls into position.

Not only has the system abolished the navvies, carts, and horses, but by use of what is termed the "spreader," the earth is levelled off, when tipped. The spreader is attached to the rear of each train. It is fitted with two wooden wings, at an angle of 30deg., which level the earth and clear the line. The number of men required for this work at Potts' Hill prior to the advent of the steam "navvy" was 40.

In addition to the American described, there are two steam "navvies" of English manufacture. These are suited for harder work than the time-saving American. The Proctor is at present working in a solid facing of rock and shale. In many instances blasting is required to make headway. The American plant can only work in an open cutting. Its rival, however, bores right through, and succeeds in putting through a cutting. It is extremely useful in railway construction work. Built solidly, it can lift and travel with eight tons. A railway line is also required for this machine. The remaining one is able to travel on level ground, as it is a tractor. The capacity of the various scoops are: American, 2½ cubic yards; Proctor, No. 1, 11½ cubic yard; No. 2, 3 cubic yard. Another complete American plant is now on the water, and is expected to arrive in a few weeks' time.

There are now 100 men engaged at Potts' Hill, though the wages sheet recently showed as many as 400 names. The amount of earth to be shifted is 1,500,000 cubic yards, of which 300,000 cubic yards have been dug out. The average daily work is 25,000 cubic yards. With the arrival of the extra plant this average will be greatly increased.

The capitalist press will doubtless calm the fears of displaced navvies with the assurance that as labor is displaced by machinery other avenues of employment are opened by it, but the growth of the unemployed in all countries where machinery is being rapidly developed is an ugly fact, and one which cannot be explained away so easily. Socialists know that the trouble arises through allowing the few to own productive machinery and use it for profit-making purposes, and they

An Ocean Tragedy.

THE SINKING OF THE EMPRESS OF IRELAND.

REFLECTIONS OF A WORKING STIFF

On Friday, May 29, the steamer Empress of Ireland went down in the St. Lawrence river with 1032 people. The steamer had left Quebec the day before for England. There were 355 people rescued.

Many things in connection with the disaster provide food for reflection for the working class. It is well known what recklessness of human life is displayed in the navigation of steamships. On the foggy shores of the Atlantic steamers plough through the mists under full steam. The capitalist god of speed and greed urges them on. In this case there was a collier (the Storstad) laden with her freight steaming in the track of the ill-fated vessel. It was necessary to get her freight delivered speedily, in order that it might be turned into gold for the capitalists who owned her. Delay meant less profit for the boss, and so she went ahead through the fog. And the facts show that she was going fast enough to rip the liner from the middle to her screws, and almost cut her in two.

One most striking feature of the wreck is that of 105 first-class passengers only 18 were saved, while 206 out of 638 of the crew and 151 second and third class passengers were saved. Usually there are far more first-class than working-class passengers or seamen rescued. We all know the story of the gallant stokers of the Titanic who kept steam up and the lights burning, while the master class loafers with their combines and their pet dogs were going into the boats on the top deck, and we all know the story of the lady—Lady Duff Gordon—who told the crew of the lifeboat not to go back to the rescue of those struggling in the water. But on this occasion there were no bands to play "Nearer my God" and no uniformed things to stand around the lifeboats with pistols in their hands and say, "First-class passengers this way." The ship went down in ten minutes, and most of those saved were picked up out of the water. The result was that the men who were used to hustling for themselves—the common working stiff who have to fight their way through the world with their own brawn and brain—were rescued and the master-class parasites—the bloated loafing creatures who could not do a thing for themselves, and who hired other men to black their boots—went down.

In telling the story one of the dailies of Sydney, the "Evening News," made a comical blunder. It declared that there was a pathetic coincidence in the fact that the tune played by the Salvation Army on the departure of the vessel "God be with you till we meet again"—was the same as that played when the Titanic went down. Now the tune that was supposed to have been played—but wasn't—while Bruce Ismay and other sewer rats were scuttling from the mess they had made was "Nearer my God to Thee." The ignorance of the literary prostitute, who panders to master-class churchianity through the columns of the "News," led him to confuse the two tunes—a confusion worse than Salvation Army ragtime. He would be a wowsler, but was ignorant of wowsler tunes.

The Lord God, they say, marks the sparrows' fall, and could not have been in a trance when the 14,000 ton liner went down, kerplunk. He is either a bad navigator or wantonly reckless of human life. He was very hard on his friends, at any rate. The Salvos' army are great friends of his. Incidentally they are great friends of the boss, judging by the substantial sums contributed to the Booth memorial fund, by the leading bloodsuckers of Sydney. Yet out of 120 Salvos, who went off with hands playing to attend an international conference in London, only twenty were saved. The Lord gathered them home; but why wreck a steamship in the gathering?

It is wonderful what little reliance is placed in the Lord in these days of unbelief. We place no faith in prayer as a means to save us from shipwreck. Instead we look to the lifeboats and the watertight bulkheads. Above all, when the crash comes it is that creature of man's inventive genius, that material instrument the wireless telegraph, which is called into requisition, not to summon heavenly aid, but to call up neighbouring steamers. Its code message may be "Salvation of Souls" (S.O.S.), but it really means salvation of bodies. People do not worry about their souls in a shipwreck.

So the Empress of Ireland has gone as the Titanic went before her. It cannot be

also know what the remedy is. The advent of the steam navy will go far to bring home to its brother of the flesh the truth and soundness of Socialist teaching.

The Birth Strike.

In reply to A. Crowther re The Birth Strike, I did not suggest that "the proletariat concentrate their efforts wholly and solely on the limitation of births." I am aware "that wages are based on the workers' cost of subsistence, and if this be an iron law under capitalism so all the more reason for a limit to proletariat population."

No sane man or woman can justify large families under present conditions. It is a crime for parents to bring children into existence knowing that their offspring, if not starved in infancy, will starve later on in the unemployed army. Like A. Crowther, I am a "Socialist first," but I recognise the importance of Neo Malthusianism also.

It is about time that the human race began to improve as a race. Factory life and overcrowding in cities are showing appalling results in the degeneration of the race, and we know, of course, that capitalism is entirely responsible. Under Socialism, however, there will be still the necessity for limitation of families if the race is to become physically fit. No woman, be she as strong as a lion, should have, nor does nature intend her to have, more than three or four children. The old Jewish patriarchs had some sense in the practice of polygamy. Jacob's crowd of sons were by four or five mothers. The modern Christian thinks it a virtue, not a crime, to father seven or eight children by one wife.

The R.C. Church fears and hates Socialism for many reasons, and one is that the majority of Socialists advocate limitation of families. One hears on good authority (from the women themselves) that in confessing to the priests those worthies threaten all sorts of penalties to the women who use means to prevent conception.

The Baby Bonus has given a fillip to Australian population, and, as I said before, what was back of Fisher's mind in fathering that measure?

The proletariat parents who add another baby or two to their large families just for the sake of the baby bonus of £5 are guilty of criminal carelessness for the future of their children.

After prolonged study of the whole question I cannot learn of one single reason for the proletariat rearing large families, and I do not consider it any argument that "the capitalists would lower wages in accordance with the number of the wage slave's children."

France has led the world in the limitation of families, and the Germans and other big nations are following. There is no doubt whatever that the birth strike will continue to increase, and the result will be beneficial to all nations. Fewer people will mean better people. There will be a decrease in insanity and in disease of all kinds and an increase in a healthier, more intellectual, and higher type of mankind. Under Socialism we may reasonably expect a race of super men and super women quality—not quantity.

JAYEM.

too strongly emphasised that these disasters are due to capitalist greed and recklessness. When the Titanic hit the iceberg she was speeding along at 22½ knots an hour, through a sea strewn with ice. Bruce Ismay, director of the White Star Line, was on board, and the vessel was out to establish a speed record on her maiden trip. The warnings of other vessels were disregarded, and a reckless gamble with human life was played. When the crash came the ship was found to be supplied with less than half the number of lifeboats necessary to save those on board. The ship itself proved to be one of the rottenest vessels that ever sailed the seas. It was simply a huge eggshell, in which every consideration of safety was sacrificed to provide luxuries for the parasites on the top deck. Whether the same shoddy work was put into the hull of the Empress of Ireland it is hard to say, but the fact remains that it was capitalist greed and speed which aimed the blow that smashed her, and it was not the pampered parasites of the top deck—who had the best chance of being saved—but the working stiff of the lower decks and the stokehold who were saved or saved themselves.

Working men of the mill and the mine, the factory and the workshop, when are you going to do as they did, save yourselves and leave the boss to save himself or get his God to save him?

Though General Ian Hamilton is not on the Commonwealth electoral rolls it is pretty safe to say that if he were he would vote Labor.—"The Worker," Brisbane. Yes, he would be sure to recognise its militarism as somewhat to his tory liking.

endure these men who make promises and break them like piecrust! How long! Oh Lord, how long!

EILEEN BAWN

Social Reform.

A combination of churchmen is going to deal with the social evils of Sydney.—News Item.

We, the upholders and eminent sitters
Of merit and poor peoples' needs,
Will go down to the slums and regenerate bums,
And do meritorious deeds.
We'll wash 'em, address 'em, with homilies bless 'em,
And pray with those ignorant mobs,
We'll tell 'em they're crazy, vicious, and lazy,
And ought to look up to the nobles.

Our noble Committee will search through the city
To find all the fallen and lost;
We'll learn how they came to be living in shame,
This, mind you, must, be at your cost.
Well swamp 'em with tracts, and statistical facts,
We'll show they are terribly rude.
We'll say it is nice to be free from all vice
And better than longing for food.

They're just as God made 'em—its useless to aid 'em
They're brutes whom you cannot reform;
Intellectual feasts are but wasted on beasts
Who want to be fed and kept warm.
Let 'em keep their allotted position, besotted
And blind. If you bid them advance—
Those ignorant asses, the underworld classes—
Will say "All we want is a chance."
With apologies to Cleveland "Plain Dealer."

Industrial Notes.

By TAFFY.

Members of the N.S.W. Cabinet have been up against large numbers of growls and grumbles of late. It seems the "fool worker" is finding out that a "Labor" Government that pretends to look after the interests of the employer as well as those of the wage-slave is a shandy-gaff contraption that means nothing better for the worker than Cook, or Wade, or Watt, or any other old professional political bluffer could do for him. Cook would do it too, and quicker than the so-called "Labor" Premier when he saw a solid fighting force of amalgamated Unionism waiting with a threat in its mouth and a heavy punch of a strike in each hand.

At last the Building Trades Federation seems to have stirred its courage up to the point of making a united stand for 44 hours a week. By the time this is in circulation the Federation will have conferred with the Employers. But the craft unions that compose the body are a weak lot. Masons already work 44 hours and bricklayers appear to be the sort that would never dream of disturbing the industrial peace and contentment of the capitalist profit-grabber by anything "drastic." The builders' laborers can, it is said, be depended upon to put up a fight. They know they have practically "nothing to lose but their chains." The superior "skilled" craft unionists don't know it, but the time will come when they will get it driven into their thick heads by sheer force of economic evolution.

The Sydney Labor Council has virtually decided in favor of the nationalisation of the Lithgow Ironworks. Nobody expected anything else from a body that cannot see further than its collective nose. After all, the works would be nationalised anyhow if it paid the Government to do it. It ought to pay Hoskins now that the Barrier Proprietary, or the Steel Trust or something else is in competition with him. Well, if the Botany Brickworks, the Redfern "Bottleneck," and other samples of State Capitalism are to be taken as an example of the worker's lot under Griffith, or Estell, or Cann, or Holman, it won't be any plum for the unionist after all.

The Federal Arbitration Court is getting a hot time from the Bakers of the Commonwealth. The Sydney men had no sooner given it a bump than the Brisbane and Melbourne bakers got to work. Of course, this doesn't mean that industrial unity is better than courts and judges! Oh, no.

According to the coal-owners, when they meet they are unanimous. This should be a tip for the unionist who thinks capitalist-class laws were made by the deity and cannot be broken—though the boss breaks them every time when there is no union handy strong enough to stop him.

No doubt Billy Hughes is glad the Federal elections are looming once more. In the first place he won't need to declare whether he is on the side of the miners or the coal-owners over the afternoon shift question. Besides, the political situation will enable him to tell the Laborites that it wouldn't be wise to mix himself up in a State strike in face of the coming elections. It would be fatal to the petty employer's vote! If the Trade Union Party means business it will ask Billy some straight questions on the hustings—whether he really sides with the miners, or the bosses, and whether in his heart he believes in the "One Big Union" that he talks of so glibly.

In the Maitland men's struggle for decent home life already the Australian Union Federation has shown its indifference. The Australasian Federation—although Billy Hughes meant it to die—has had to take up the interests of unionists and demand that Labor should get right off the mark!

When you have finished with this paper, pass it on to a friend.

A.S.P. News & Notes.

AUSTRALASIAN SOCIALIST PARTY.

Objective: The social ownership with Democratic control of the means of Production, Distribution and Exchange.
General Secretary: J. W. ROCHE.
Headquarters: 115 Goulburn St., Sydney.

ADMINISTRATIVE COUNCIL.

The Administrative Council will meet at Headquarters on Sat. June 13. All delegates are urged to attend.

J. W. ROCHE.

SYDNEY BRANCH.

Despite the inclemency of the weather on Sunday afternoon a fine crowd assembled in the Domain to listen to the tale of revolt. Com. Slade opened and called upon Com. McArthur who recently arrived from Melbourne. Unfortunately his voice was weak owing to a cold and the audience had to be content with a short talk and the promise of better things next week. Com. Rudolph of Brisbane-Free Speech Fight fame spoke next and held the crowd by an interesting and earnest recital of the battle for freedom in the Australian Movement. Next Sunday both our comrades will be in fighting trim, so roll up. The address announced for delivery by Mrs. Paul was given under an adjacent tree whilst the crowd adjourned on account of a sudden down-pour. Although the rain poured down, Mrs. Paul held the crowd from start to finish on the "Right to be Happy." Aptly did the speaker compare the lot of South Sea Islanders, about whom she gave some interesting personal experiences, with that of civilised (?) man. In conclusion the audience were exhorted to a study of Socialism—the only means of bringing about universal Happiness.

In the evening Market street was crowded and Comrades Jones, Healy, Slade, Rudolph, Reeves, and Graut delivered addresses with splendid results.

Next Branch meeting will be held at Headquarters, on June 18. Nomination of branch officers will close on that date. The Elections will be held on July 2.

DOMAIN LECTURES.

Sunday, June 14th, Comrade Rutherford. Sunday, June 21, Comrade Kilburn. Subject: "Hell, and the Way Out."

Luke Jones, Sec.

MEBOURNE BRANCH.

During the past fortnight two highly successful meetings have been held under the auspices of our branch at Fitzroy, good work being done by the various speakers.

Two successful meetings have also been held during the same period at the Yarra Bank, the usual keen interest being taken in the utterances of the various speakers. Last Sunday's meeting was particularly successful, and the following resolution was unanimously carried and forwarded to the Trades Hall Council:

"That this meeting of Socialists and trade unionists of various trades enters its emphatic protest against the action of the Wharf Laborers' Union in refusing to enrol as members 30 men willing to join the said Union.

"Further this meeting also desires to protest against the increasing of the initiation fee of the said union, inasmuch as it is prohibitive, men who have not got the money being debarred from becoming members, and in both instances from earning their livelihood when the possibility of employment presents itself.

"In conclusion, this meeting requests the Trades Hall Council to immediately take the matter in hand, as the action of any union in refusing to admit to membership those willing to join is decidedly detrimental to the best interests of unionism and the working class movement generally."

This resolution has also been given much publicity, in "Labour Call," "Age," and "Argus," much to the annoyance of some of the said union officials, as well as some of the reactionary rank and file, who have been talking big about chucking our speaker in the Yarra, etc.

On Sunday evening Mrs. Lavender spoke under our auspices, her subject being our "Australian Youth."

The attendance was fairly good, despite counter attractions, and there was some interesting discussion at the close.

Tuesday evening saw an attendance of about 50 members at the specially summoned general meeting, when matters financial and otherwise were satisfactorily dealt with.

Comrades are requested to note that a special effort is to be made to assist our official organ, the I. Socialist, as well as strengthen the position of our branch in every respect, and if this is to be done every member, male and female, will have to make themselves busy.

Doubtless none will object to this, as our branch is the only Socialist body in Melbourne doing Socialist propaganda, the

bogus Victorian Socialist Party of Eliza-beth-street leaving politics to the Labour Party, in accordance with their decision of some two years ago, whilst their few speakers retain membership in this militarist and imperialist outfit (renamed the Labour Party) some of them openly angling for selection as parliamentary representative of the said imperialist and militarist concern, whilst giving lip service to Socialism on certain occasions.

On Sunday, June 7th, a protest meeting is to be held on the Yarra against the imprisonment of H. E. Holland and others connected with the New Zealand Federation of Labour. It is expected that representatives from the I.W.W. (Socialist), I.L.P., A.S.P., and other bodies will be present, so all militants be there and help swell the attendance.

The speakers' class will meet on Mondays at branch headquarters at 8 p.m. sharp. Bidding orators make note, and be present. J. R. WILSON, Secretary.

TOWNSVILLE.

W. Jackson spoke on the Beach on Sunday night, May 24, his subject being "Evolution and Revolution." He had a permit from the City Council, so the Inspector was unable to interfere.

There was a fair audience, and despite the rain they listened to Jackson for two hours without making a single interjection. Many here will regret that Comrade Jackson has to leave Townsville, for he has done good propaganda work for Socialism.

A good speaker is badly wanted here, as there is much work to be done.

C. L. BUSHELL.

NEWTOWN.

Good meetings were held here during the week-end.

Comrade Kilburn lectures at the Branch Rooms, 11 Enmore Road, Newtown, on Thursday evening, June 16. Subject: "The Case for Socialism."

W. J. PAGE, Secretary.

BALMAIN.

The usual week-end meetings were held here and some good propaganda work done. Speakers who can come and help are cordially invited to do so.—FENWICK, Sec.

BRISBANE.

Last Sunday evening witnessed the extent Brisbane Unionists are prepared to go when it comes to a fight with autocracy. Although practically no word had been said this past few weeks, a great crowd assembled in Market Square. Our dear friend, the C.M.G., Yelet Cahill, along with the lesser lights, King, Karroll and Ferguson, supported by a host of paid bludgeoners, graced the assembly by their presence. Anxiety expressed itself on their countenances. With ears pricked and necks craned they gathered around a few Socialist militants eager for a chance word which might give them a clue as to the procedure intended. But peace to their agitated souls. There was no need for concern. The brave Unionists were at worship. They had refused to desecrate the Sabbath by committing the unholy act of breaking police law. Instead of offering resistance to autocracy they were offering up a prayer for a return of the Labour Party at next election. If any speaking had been indulged in it would have come from our boys. The crowd would have cheered, several of us jugged, and the heroic unionists would have returned to their yokes and smilingly related (when the boss wasn't watching) how the foolish Socialists were again candidates for the Boggo-Road division. We decided that when next we go out it will be as Militant Socialists unhampered by the contaminating influence of resolution passing unionists and parliamentarians. These pence-card, disunited "unity is strength" prating, banner displaying unionists have had their chance of expressing that of which they are made. They refused to send one solitary representative. Verily, as that veteran militant, Miss Millar, stated "The Labor movement of to-day has lost its sting." For several weeks past the "Daily Standard" has been telling us of the solidarity shown in the Bakers' lock-out. But what is this solidarity when analysed. Resolutions passed calling on fellow-unionists to refuse to eat night-baked bread. A few pounds voted out of funds to assist pay Bakers' unemployed fund. All of which may be alright, but what of the many Union card-carrying carters who are delivering scab-bread. Truly it is a bastard solidarity this that allows of union scabbery. These heroes of the Trades Hall will mouth solidarity and one big union, but when it comes to action—"Ah, there's the rub, for in these deeds of derring do what batons and bludgeoners may come must give us pause." On Tuesday several militants of the Bakers' Union and a few of our party gathered on the wharf to give a hearty send off to Com. Rudolph. Our departing one gave a great

speech, and at the close Com. Read sang "The Red Flag." A fair crowd assembled along with a sprinkling of Brisbane's main feature—Pimp-dom. Hearty cheers were given for Free Speech and the Social Revolution!

Yours Kicking.

GORDON BROWN.

PRESS AND MAINTENANCE FUND.
Amount Previously Acknowledged £16 8s 11d.
A.L. Roberts £1, Miss Kerr 5s, E. Seabrook 6s, C. Eckhardt 6s, Slade 1s, "Enthusiastic" 4s.
Total £18 10s. 11d.

SUB CARDS SOLD.

Slade 2, Luke Jones 4, Mrs. Giffin 6, Marquett 3, Wagner 4, C. Jackson 1.

OTHER SUBS RECEIVED.

J. Kilburn 2s, P.W. Burke 2s, Mrs. Hall, per H.K. Olsen, 4s, 6d., Jack MacDonald 4s, C. Eckhardt 4s, Thos. Rae 2s, W.H. Hope 1s, R. Treiman 2s, J. Davies 1s, G. Donahill 3s.

If you do not receive your paper regularly write to the Editor at once, and be sure to write your name and address correctly and plainly.

DETROIT I.W.W.

(Editor "International Socialist.")

Sir,—It will interest your readers to learn that I have received a reply from the Premier of New Zealand that the representations made by the Sydney (Socialist) I.W.W. Club for the annulment of sentence for sedition passed upon Harry Holland will receive the consideration of the N.Z. Government.

Now, to keep moving, I would suggest that a monster petition be drawn up and discreetly worded to secure the signatures of sufficient citizens of N.S.W. for presentation to the Premier of New Zealand, which would, I believe, now that things are back to normal, have the desired effect of setting our captive comrade free.

—Yours in unity,

GEORGE WAITE.

Cor. Sec., Sydney Section, I.W.W.

May 31, 1914.

LITERATURE DEPARTMENT.

BOOKS IN CLOTH BINDING.

Title.	Price. s. d.
Ancient Lowly, The, Vol. I, C. Osborne	8 0
Ward	8 0
Ancient Lowly, The, Vol. II, C. Osborne	8 0
Ward	8 0
Capital, Vol. I, Karl Marx	8 0
Capital, Vol. II, Karl Marx	8 0
Capital, Vol. III, Karl Marx	8 0
Ancient Society, Lewis H. Morgan	6 0
Woman and Socialism, August Bebel	6 0
Critique of Political Economy, Karl Marx	4 0
Debs (Eugene V.), His Life, Writings, Speeches	4 0
Economic Determinism, Lida Pareo	4 0
Essays on the Materialistic Conception of History, Antonio Labriola	3 0
Ethics and the Materialistic Conception of Karl Kautsky	1 0
Introduction to Sociology, Arthur M. Lewis	4 0
Landmarks of Scientific Socialism, Engels	4 0
Looking Forward, Philip Rappaport	4 0
Love's Coming-of-Age, Edward Carpenter	4 0
Marxian Economics, Ernest Untermann	4 0
Philosophical Essays, Joseph Dietzgen	4 0
Positive Outcome of Philosophy, Joseph Dietzgen	4 0
Physical Basis of Mind and Morals, M. H. Fitch	4 0
Positive School of Criminology, Enrico	4 0
Poverty of Philosophy, The, Karl Marx	4 0
Principles of Scientific Socialism, Vail	1 0
Socialism and Modern Science, Enrico Ferri	4 0
Socialism and Philosophy, Antonio Labriola	4 0
Theoretical System of Karl Marx, Boudin	4 0
Evolution of Man, The, Wilhelm Boelsche	2 0
Evolution of Property, The, Paul La Fargue	2 0
Evolution, Social and Organic, Arthur M. Lewis	2 0
Federbach, Frederick Engels	2 0
Germs of Mind in Plants, R. H. France	2 0
Life and Death, Dr. E. Teichmann	2 0
helm Meyer	2 0
Marx, Memoirs of, Wilhelm Liebknecht	2 0
Marx versus Tolstoy, Lewis and Darrow	2 0
Militant Proletariat, The, Austin Lewis	2 0
Origin of the Family, Frederick Engels	2 0
Ferri	2 0
Puritanism, Clarence Melly	2 0
Revolution and Counter-Revolution, Karl Marx	2 0
Right to be Lazy and Other Studies, Paul Lafargue	2 0
Russian Bastille, The, Simon O. Pollock	2 0
Sabotage, Emile Pouget	2 0
Science and Revolution, Ernest Untermann	2 0
Social and Philosophical Studies, Paul Lafargue	2 0
Social Revolution, The, Karl Kautsky	2 0
Socialism for Students, Joseph E. Cohen	2 0
Socialism, Its Growth and Outcome, Morris and Bax	2 0
Socialism, Positive and Negative, Robert Rives La Monte	2 0
Socialism, Utopian and Scientific, Frederick Engels	2 0

International Socialist Club,

274 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Open daily for Members and Visitors from other parts, from 11 a.m. till 11 p.m.

Membership Fee: 5s. per Quarter.

Best Socialist Library in the State.

The General Meeting of Members will be held on Sunday June 14.

The Adjourned Special Meeting will be held on June 27, at 3 p.m., to consider New Building.

O. BLANO, Secretary.

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